




[flocked/peeps] I'm not sure yet if that was a mistake or not.



standuponit
 **standuponit**

<https://standuponit.livejournal.com/>
2009-04-08 09:37:00

MOOD:  embarrassed

MUSIC: Rachael Yamagata - Worn Me Down

Stayed up wayyyy too late last night reading Steph Davis' blog (<https://www.livejournal.com/away?to=http%3A//www.highinfatuation.com/blog/>). It made me all restless, and I wound up layering up in hoodies and gloves and taking the Holstein out for a couple of hours in the cold and pretending to be a teenaged vagrant. (No tickets this time. Or contusions. *g*)

She makes me homesick. Homesick for... me. For the person I used to be, the one I gave up for this job and this life and... well, family, though I didn't expect to get that back then. Maybe answers. I think I *was* hoping for answers.

What a weird sensation. Like a funhouse mirror into the life I walked away from.

If I had made different choices, that would be *my* trip to Patagonia, my sponsorship deals, my travel schedule, my food- and dog-blogging. Or I'd be dead, which is always a possibility. You know.

It's still sharp back there, if I look for it. What it was like, what it *felt* like to be up there, jamming a crack, nothing between you and the world but a couple of hundred feet of air and the contact between the rock and your skin and your shoes, knowing that when you get there you'll leave the rock behind too, to buy a few seconds of flying.

Belonging to nobody, owing nothing to anyone.

I couldn't go back to it now. I can't trust my body that much anymore. It doesn't always work right the first time, and you don't get a second one.

You give stuff up for other stuff. But if you don't lie to yourself, you know what you gave up. And it's good to remember that, because it reminds you how much what you have now is worth.

I'm not sad about the price. Don't get me wrong. I figured out a while back that I wouldn't give up what I have now.

Just right this minute, I'm remembering that there was a price, is all.



This looks like a good idea.

...

This.

...

Little guy's not bad.

Gotta teach RHex to smear.

24 comments




 Ometotchtli

April 8 2009, 14:52:24 UTC COLLAPSE

The price of freedom is eternal vigilance, Boy Wonder. It's a tough job being a superhero.

For example, imagine trying to get Google Map directions between Gotham and Metropolis when they keep moving around between the east coast and the midwest. Nevermind trying to get to Star City....




 standuponit

April 8 2009, 14:59:31 UTC COLLAPSE

With great power comes great responsibility, Selina.

Anyway, it's okay. The car knows its own way home.




 ace_cub_reportr

April 8 2009, 15:00:25 UTC COLLAPSE

Psst. Wrong universe.

That guy lives in New York.




 [standuponit](#)

[April 8 2009, 15:00:44 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

So do the Teen Titans. Maybe they commute.



 [ace_cub_reportr](#)

[April 8 2009, 16:54:22 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Not that I recommend viewing this while at work...

http://www.marvel.com/videos/601.Spider-Man_1967_Episode_01



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[April 8 2009, 17:17:46 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

We're investigating reports of pornographic content in children's entertainment on the web.



 [standuponit](#)

[April 8 2009, 17:19:51 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Totally. Bondage, for one thing. And that lingering crotch-shot of Spidey? Very disturbing.



 [trollcatz](#)

[April 8 2009, 16:58:44 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I want you to have *all* of it--even the parts that scare the crap out of me. But I guess that's not how it works, huh?

So I want you to have the parts you most want and need, whatever they are, whatever they include or leave out.

And I'm glad for all the stuff you used to do and be, because it's still part of you, helping to make you the guy I love and am proud of.

(Gawd, I'm mushy today.)



 [standuponit](#)

[April 8 2009, 17:15:00 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I have no idea what to say to this. I just hope Mom doesn't notice me blushing.

If I were doing that, it would have to be my life. Climbing or jumping five or six days a week, living out of the camper shell on the back of an old Datsun pickup truck. Like a sensible person, you know.

Opportunity cost. Doing this takes up five or six days a week, too. Doesn't work out. So I'm a 5.11 climber and I'll probably never hit 5.13s, because I just don't put enough time into it.

I was never as good a climber as she is. But if I'd stayed with it, I could have been.

And I was a *really* good jumper.



 [standuponit](#)

[April 8 2009, 17:48:37 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Crap, I am sucky self-absorbed narcissistic boy!

...I love you and am proud of you too. <3

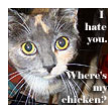
hides under desk



 [trollcatz](#)

[April 8 2009, 18:18:13 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Silly Platycoyote. This conversation is *about you*. Conversations about you are allowed. You don't have to turn them into conversations about other people, or even try to share them. You are worth talking and thinking about.



 [standuponit](#)

[April 8 2009, 18:38:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Um. But. That means being noticed. *g*

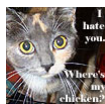
And I was trying not to be A Guy with the whole dodging the L word thing. Because that was a sucky thing to do.



 [trollcatz](#)

[April 8 2009, 19:27:49 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Iz okay. I know. And I'm sometimes a Guy about the L word thing, too. We can punch each other in the shoulder instead to make up for it. *punch* *g*

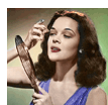


 [standuponit](#)

[April 8 2009, 19:35:24 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Ow.

Wabbit, she's hitting me.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[April 8 2009, 21:19:30 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Don't make me come over there. You can punch her back your ownself.

<3 <3



 [standuponit](#)

[April 9 2009, 04:42:17 UTC](#)


[COLLAPSE](#)

<3

So, verdict on the tikka masala?

Glad you came out?

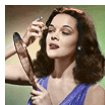


 [trollcatz](#)

[April 9 2009, 04:43:34 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Basic recipe good, definitely optimized for gringos. More garam masala and cayenne next time. Wabbit? Your opinion please?




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[April 9 2009, 04:47:45 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

...Since when do you know stuff like garam masala and cayenne? I'm impressed.



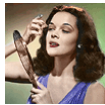
 [trollcatz](#)

[April 9 2009, 04:49:59 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Um. He emailed me a shopping list this morning.

studies fingernails

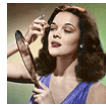


 [Ometotchtli](#)

[April 9 2009, 04:51:50 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Awww. You're hot stuff, girl. And I don't mean cayenne.




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[April 9 2009, 04:45:03 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Licking the plate was too subtle, I take it?

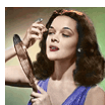


 [standuponit](#)

[April 9 2009, 04:47:39 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

That WAS only after the first helping.

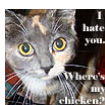


 [Ometotchtli](#)

[April 9 2009, 04:48:52 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Yeah. After the second helping, the pot was empty, so I licked that instead.



 [standuponit](#)

[April 9 2009, 04:52:17 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Next time I try making naan.

This looks like a
good idea.

...

This.

...

Little guy's not
bad.

Gotta teach RHex
to smear.